A choice Collection of

SONGS:

CONTAINING,

1. Nancy Sighing.
2. The Sequel to Nancy Sighing.
3. A Rose Tree.
4. The Blithe Maid.

Stockport, printed and sold by J. Clarke.

NANCY SIGHING.

ABROAD as I was walking
One morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maiden talking,
While birds did ſweetly ſing,
That he might from the Indies
Safely return again,
'Twas for her true-love Jemmy
She ſorely did complain.
It was my cruel father
That forc'd him from my arms,
To make my troubles harder,
He's gone to war's alarms;
Where cannons loud do rattle,
He's fighting with our foe,
God ſend him ſafe from battle,
Or from a fatal blow.

CHORUS.

I'll ſtill adore my Jemmy,
That's ploughing on the ſeas,
My true-love's tall and handſome,
His complexion it is fair,
Had I the whole king's ranſom,

I'd give it for my dear.
When he was forced from me,
I thought my heart would break,
I'm ſure he did adore me,
But now his life's at ſtake.
'Tis for my true-love Jemmy,
I ſorely do complain;
But now he's gone to India,
For honor and for gain.
Whilſt ploughing o'er the ocean,
For him I ſigh and mourn;
It runs into my notion,
With riches he'll return.
Should he be kill'd or wounded,
And ne'er return again,
With ſenſes quite confounded,
I'll quit the rural plain.
In ſhady groves I'll wander,
And no one ſhall me find,
There my bones ſhall moulder,
Should Jemmy prove unkind.
But God I hope will ſpare his life,
Safe homeward to return,
Then I will be his lawful wife,

No longer will I mourn.
Pray God reſtore him to my arms,
Let him be e'er ſo poor,
For he has got ten thouſand charms,
No other I adore.

SEQUEL to NANCY SIGHING.

CEASE, ceaſe, my deareſt Nancy,
My joy and only dear,
Let me not perplex your fancy,
Since I'm return'd ſafe here;
Tho' many dangers I've been through,
And battles on the ſeas,
God has reſtor'd me back to you,
From bitter enemies.

CHORUS.

I'll ſtill adore my Nancy,
That long has ſigh'd for me,
Then come to me, my deareſt,
My joy and heart's delight,
To me you are the faireſt
That e'er appear'd in ſight.
It was for your ſweet ſelf, my dear,

Thoſe hardſhips I went through;
But ſince that I have found you here,
To church pray let us go.
She ſaid, my deareſt Jemmy,
My joy and only dear,
I am your faithful Nancy,
Come take me whilſt I'm here;
Then ſtraight ſhe flew into his arms,
He ſaid my deareſt love,
You are the miſtreſs of all charms,
Bleſt be the powers above.
To church they went in ſweet content,
The happy knot was ty'd,
In unity their days they ſpent,
Young Jemmy and his bride;
The moſt delightful wife, he ſaid,
That e'er my eyes did ſee;
You now ſhall grace my marriage bed,
Contented will I be.

A ROSE TREE.

A Roſe tree in full bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to view,

One roſe beyond comparing,
Whoſe beauty attracted me ;
But eager for to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And I threw it very far away.
How fine this morning early,
Lovely ſunſhine, clear and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
But now I've loſt each fond delight ;
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny eeams no more are ſeen ;
Farewel, you happy hours,
Your falſhood has chang'd the ſeen.

The BLITHE MAID.

IT was on Monday morning,
The day appointed was,
As I went out to view the fields,
I met a bonny laſs ;
So blithe and merry was her heart
To bear me company ;
And its low down in the broom,

So merry we will be.
And its low, &c.

2 I look'd all around about me,
To ſee what I could ſee,
And there I ſaw a bonny lad
Come tripping o'er the lea;
With a little bonnet on his head,
Quite kilted to the knee;
And its low down in the broom,
So merry we will be.

3 I took my true-love by the hand,
And gently laid her down,
And I bid her to remember
The kiſſing in the broom.
Draw off your hand, young man, ſhe ſaid,
And do not teaſe me;
My mammy ſhe would go crazy,
If that my dad knew.

4 Now they are ſeeking every where
What is become of me,
They little think I'm in the broom,
Playing here with my love:
My father is a wealthy charl,
And will not part with his gear;

My mother is a ſcolding wife,
And puts the houſe in fear.
I am their only daughter dear,
To bear them company;
And its low down in the broom,
So merry we will be:
I took my true-love by the hand,
And put it to my heart,
And ſaid, O my deareſt dear,
From thee I ne'er will part.
From thee I ne'er will part, my dear,
Until the day I die,
We'll kiſs again all in the broom,
And married we'll be, my love;
And married we will be,
And we will kiſs again
All, all in the broom,
And married we will be.